

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



GASPER'S FIRST EVENING IN HIS NEW HOME.

## THE GRIZLARS' LAST APPRENTICE.

CHAPTER II.

GASPER LAXMANN, so the boy was named, was the eldest son of a peasant living at Brunenfel, on the Moravian side of the Schnee Gebirge, but of German descent, for though the great mass of the country people in Moravia are by race Slavonians, and far out kin to the Russians and Poles, there are German villages of ancient date

scattered along the northern frontier, and Brunenfel was one of them. Gasper's father held a small rough farm on the tenure common in his land—dues paid partly in produce and partly in labour to both the government and the proprietor, which left but scanty returns to the hard-working tenant. He and his wife were industrious and frugal, as most people in those mountain villages are to this day. They were honest and pious, too, though blessed with very little instruction, either secular or religious, having

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

no church and no pastor, because, like many of their neighbours, they were Lutherans, and had to keep their faith and worship far in the shade, as the age of persecution had not yet quite gone by in the Austrian dominions. Those simple and secluded people walked by the light they had, nevertheless, and so did Gasper's parents, but their worldly estate was much straitened, for they had seven children, and therefore thought it a good opportunity for their eldest son to learn a remunerative trade from so famous and skilful a master, when Wenzel brought to their village the news that Moris Grizlar was ready to receive an apprentice at half the premium he had been accustomed to demand.

Wenzel and the Laxmann family were old and familiar friends; they had the same persecuted truths to talk over in the security of the blazing hearth and the barred-up door; the same simple worship to practise when the absence of begging friar or priestly spy from the neighbourhood made it safe to do so, and the woodman never came that way without making a long visit to their cottage in Brunenfel. Though the only man who was reputed to be capable of standing the Grizlars' temper, he gave a clear and conscientious account of it to both parents and son, warning the latter to consider well before he signed indentures and took up his abode in their house. Gasper was a good boy, and had been brought up in the way he should go; moreover, he was by nature thoughtful and manly, and, knowing the large family and small means his poor parents had, at once declared himself ready and willing to enter on the apprenticeship which none of his predecessors had ever finished, saying in the simple, trusting fashion of his peasant people that, with the Lord's help, he would not value sour looks and cross ways to learn a good trade and be able to help them. His father and mother, though somewhat staggered by Wenzel's disclosures, agreed to let him go, seeing the boy was so brave; and the woodman promised that he would be always coming and going about the lonely cottage to keep up Gasper's heart. In short, all necessary arrangements were made, Wenzel acting as envoy between the contracting parties; the indentures were drawn out and signed as usual—that is to say, each signatory made a very legible mark, the further use of a pen being rather rare on the Schnee Gebirge at the time; and on the appointed day Gasper set forth for the unpromising scene of his apprenticeship.

As Wenzel remarked, in mitigation of the boy's presumed lingering the same evening, it was a hard pull on the young heart to part for the first time from father, mother, brothers, and sisters, the old home and the old neighbourhood; but when all the family had escorted him half a German mile along the mountain road, when they had every one cried and kissed and taken leave, when his parents had given him the last good advice they could remember, and the best too—for it was to keep the fear of God before his eyes—when they had laid their hands on his head and blessed him in the fashion of the patriarchs, and then turned homeward with their weeping children, there was one friend that would not part from Gasper—his dog Kaiser. The boy had given him that imperial name in honour of the noble qualities which the creature possessed, for never was dog more faithful, sagacious, or brave. Gasper had saved him from drowning in a mountain stream before his eyes were opened, and for years Kaiser had followed his steps by day, and slept at his feet by night. No

coaxing, no entreaty, would make him quit his young master and go home with the family, though he had been their household pet. The noble dog seemed to know that Gasper was going to live among strangers, and his large intelligent eyes said, as plainly as language could, "Let me go with you, for you may need a friend."

"He won't go back, and I can't make him," said Gasper, throwing his one arm about the shaggy neck, and drawing the other hand across his eyes; "let me take him, father, and allow me something to keep him on. Wenzel will bring it; he won't want much, for Kaiser shall get share of my own meals."

"Take him, my son, if Master Grizlar will consent to his staying about the house; we will send you all we can," said his kind father. "It would be wrong to force the creature from you; it may be his friendship is more faithful than that of man; and who knows but Providence has a hand in his being so bent to go? he may be your help against some fierce wolf or bear, which Wenzel says are yet seen at times in the forest of Kinderwald."

Thus permitted, Gasper took his dog, and went on his way with better cheer for that faithful though dumb companionship, till he reached the Grizlars' cottage, and was received in the manner described in the preceding chapter.

The boy was glad to find himself at the end of his long day's journey over rough mountain ways, but a chill came over his heart when Moris barred the door against the soft light and cool breeze of the evening, and Gretchine, after a sour survey of him and Kaiser, said: "If that dog is not well-behaved he shall not be kept about this house, mind. What business on earth has a poor lad like you with such a great eating thing? But there," and she pointed to a stool at the foot of the table, "sit down and take your supper. The young folks of this generation are brought up to nothing but nonsense."

"It's no nonsense to keep a good strong dog in these times. You would think so if some of the robbers that they say have been seen in the forest were to pay us a visit!" cried Moris as he sat down at the table.

"What would bring them here, I should like to know? We were robbed of everything long ago, except your old wool-combs," replied his sister, as she took her seat.

Continual contradiction of each other on every subject that turned up had become habitual to the pair as a necessary exercise for their unhappy tempers. The supper-time was spent in a snappish debate regarding the utility of Gasper's dog. No blessing was asked, no thanksgiving offered, for the good and substantial meal, though poor compared with what their fortunes had been. There was nothing really wanting in the Grizlars' home but the wisdom whose ways are pleasantness and whose paths are peace. The scene and the conversation were so entirely unlike anything to which poor Gasper had been accustomed at his father's far worse supplied table, where parents and children sat with kindly looks and happy faces, though often with weary hands, and talked cheerfully over the small affairs of the day, that the boy sat in a manner stupified with astonishment; and Kaiser, while he ate the remains of his travelling provisions behind the stool, supplemented by many a bit and bone which Moris flung to him by way of carrying on the

campaign against his sister, appeared to know they had got into queer company. It was still more strange to Gasper, when Gretchine, after bestowing on her brother two or three ill names, which he returned with interest—the little matter had kindled a great fire by this time—commanded the apprentice to go to bed that he might get up early in the morning, for nobody was allowed to sleep late in that house, at the same time showing him his sleeping-place, a small granary or store-room, which contained all the rough provisions of the household, and projected from the back of the cottage into an ill-kept cabbage garden. His bed was in one corner, consisting of a heap of straw, a coarse sheet, and a coarser blanket. "You'll have room enough for your dog there, since you must keep the useless thing, but let me catch him doing any harm!" she cried; "and the light of the moon shining through that little window"—and Gretchine pointed to a very small one at the opposite end—"must serve you winter and summer. I never allow candles to be brought in here. You would be sure to set the place on fire, and they are too dear to burn any way."

That summary dismissal was a sad contrast to the family prayer and the kindly good-night with which they closed the day in Gasper's home; but he found his way to the straw bed by the faint light of a new moon shining through the corner window, said his own prayer beside it, the more earnestly because he felt himself a stranger indeed with the Grizlars, and smoothed poor Kaiser as the faithful creature took his accustomed place at his feet. Equally weary with the long walk of the day, master and dog were soon fast asleep. The sharp shrill voice of Gretchine, wondering how young people "could lie so long a-bed," roused them both in the early morning. Gasper got up with good heart and hope to learn Moris Grizlar's craft, and stand his and his sister's temper if possible. He knew something of them now from the overnight scene, and it proved to be a fitting introduction to his apprentice days.

Moris was bent on teaching him the whole art of wool-combing according to his contract. There was a harsh kind of justice and honour in both brother and sister, but never did a pupil get more abuse showered upon him for those mistakes and shortcomings which are unavoidable to the beginner of any business. Moravian goose, a term of contempt among the Glatz people for their neighbours on the other side of the Schnee Gebirge, because geese are the most numerous live stock of that moorland country, was the mildest of the names bestowed on poor Gasper; and this ungentle teaching was varied by all sorts of employment under Gretchine's domestic sway. She sent him on all manner of errands to the village, with urgent orders to lose no time gazing and gossiping, and a sound scolding in store if he stayed a minute beyond her strict calculation. She made him scrub and scour, fetch and carry at home, and transact most of the business she had with Wenzel the woodman concerning game, which was free to all who could find it in the forest of Kinderwald, and the Grizlars were partial to getting it, as well as their firewood, on easy terms from the one neighbour who visited their cottage.

A far-off neighbour indeed, for his hut stood miles away in the heart of the dense wood, but Wenzel was the old friend of Gasper's family; he faithfully kept his promise to look after the boy, coming to see the Grizlars so much more frequently that Gretchine

said he must be growing idle and thriftless in his old days, and still oftener waiting in the shade to speak an encouraging word to Gasper, give him provisions for Kaiser, and news of things at home. It was by this good man's sympathy and care, cheering talk and prudent, pious advice, as well as by his own remembrance of father and mother's example and precepts, and of the necessity for him to learn an honest trade, that Gasper was enabled to pass his apprentice time, as far as it went, in the Grizlars' cottage. Patience and perseverance conquer difficulties, says the proverb, and so it proved with the boy from Brunenfel. His steady application, respectful manner, and trusty, truthful ways, gradually gained on the brother and sister, whom everybody else had given up all thoughts of pleasing. Moris said that boy was the only apprentice he ever had that it was worth a man's while to teach. Gretchine said if he kept in mind the good training she had given him, the lad would come to something respectable yet. They allowed him to go to the village church on Sundays, where poor people went; they never went themselves, for want of the fine clothes they wore in former times. They found less fault with him in the course of the week; it even fared better with poor Kaiser for his sake; yet the faithful dog proved the cause of bringing Gasper's apprenticeship to an unexpected end.

#### JOHN FOSTER.

IT is strange to observe the effect of a few years in overcoming the reluctance of people to speak of their own private and family affairs. The old man will pour out many a story on which he would have been carefully silent in his youth, and the grandmother will readily tell the tale which was carefully guarded by her as a secret in her young days. And this kind of thing is true with regard to public characters. The details of their private life and anecdotes which tell of their peculiarities are eagerly welcomed by the public—that public forgetting that in most such cases there is a circle of friends who shrink from making common the facts which are precious in their eyes, and with which they are, perhaps, implicated. But as time goes on, the reasons which at first commanded silence pass away, and it can scarcely be wrog to cultivate the feeling of interest which the present generation ought to feel in men of the past—the *recent* past—and to increase that interest by communicating to a larger circle such recollections as have hitherto been confined to more intimate friends.

Among the writers who held a conspicuous place in the early part of this century, the name of John Foster is well known. His Essays have given him a position among the standard writers of England, although, perhaps, some of his most powerful writing is to be found in the Lectures which he delivered at Broadmead Chapel, or in the Introduction he prefixed to Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." A new and handsome edition of "Foster's Essays," to which this Introduction to Doddridge is added, was recently published by the Religious Tract Society. This last is scarcely so much known as it ought to be, and it is much to be desired that it should be printed by itself in a cheap form. It is a great pleasure whenever we open Foster's books to feel that the time for them has not passed away: the ideas they suggest may



have become known and common, but there is a freshness and a power connected with them in his writings which at once tells how great a thinker he must have been.

However well he may be known as a writer, and notwithstanding the admirable Life of him by the late Jonathan Ryland, many people have a very mistaken idea of what he really was. His strong way of speaking, his power of satire, the wholesale condemnation he would occasionally pour on men and things, have given the impression that he was harsh, austere, and unamiable, while in truth nothing could be more opposite to his real character. Young people, unless forward or self-conceited, were soon at home with



SKETCHED AT BRISTOL.

him, and even children learned to welcome his "How do?" to them in the houses where he was the valued friend of their parents. He would soon begin to converse with any person with whom he was thrown into casual intercourse, and, if he knew anything of them, contrive to draw out something from them on which he knew they were able to converse, thus putting them at ease.

His home at Stapleton was about two miles from Bristol, and had much the character of a refined but simple old-fashioned country parsonage about it, the old servants telling a tale about the goodness of master and mistress. A slight introduction served to secure a reception there. He says in one letter, "The case is that a Dr. C—, it seems a literary, scientific, travelled man (with a letter from M—, of Chelsea, whom I think you know), came here yesterday afternoon, after having

walked to Downend in quest. Wife told him I should probably be at home the afternoon of to-day, and understood him to intend coming hither. Now, after he has taken all this trouble, it does seem hardly civil to cause him another six miles' walk for nothing." It was somewhat of a lone house, and Foster used to keep a gun for occasionally firing at sparrows, perhaps; but perhaps also that he might have the reputation of being well defended. If he had happened to shoot any one attempting to get in, he would have been one of the first to pity and help the "rogue," who, in that case, would have been turned into the "poor man."

The distance from the city made it somewhat of an expedition for him to go there; while the loneliness of the evenings often seemed to him a reason for keeping at home. He refers to both in the following letter:—"Since I ascended that hill of yours, I have, I believe, in several instances, accepted, or seemed to accept, your friendly invitations to do it again, and invariably failed. And now, for the afternoon of this day, I am honestly sensible that I shall do better, for my good wife's sake, to remain at home and read to her in the evening; and, the case being so, I am quite sure you will respect the motive which inclines me to the non-fulfilment of my engagement this once more. Supposing myself in her case, and with her feelings of pensiveness and oppression (taking into account, too, the extreme gloominess of this locality in the evenings of this season), I do believe I should feel it much more kind in my domestic companion to stay with me than to seek the pleasures of society elsewhere."

After Robert Hall's coming to Bristol, it was Foster's rule generally to hear him in the morning. Though very different in many respects, and though scarcely what would be called intimate personal friends, these great men knew how to appreciate each other. It is well known that Foster declined to give any more lectures at Broadmead after Mr. Hall's coming there. It may not be so well known that Mr. Hall did not prefer to have Mr. Foster for a hearer. At one time he sat full in sight of Mr. Hall, who was so disconcerted when he perceived him that he asked a common friend to persuade him to change his seat, which Foster actually did, and sat afterwards at the end of a pew close by the wall in a line with the pulpit. Mr. Hall, in turning round, was always careful to keep from looking so far as to be able to see the spot where his distinguished hearer sat, so that he never knew at the time whether he was there or not. Occasionally Foster went in the evening, the time when Mr. Hall's powers were especially called forth; nor was he able to escape the influence of the eloquence which charmed so many—as is shown by his once saying, after one of the displays of power which were not uncommon, "Does it often come up to this?"

Among Mr. Foster's other peculiarities was his singular disregard of dress. Not that he did not pay some regard to it and notice it after his own fashion. He speaks thus: "I put myself and rags in condition to go, against the evening service." "Yesterday morning I tried to ascertain that my friend Madame — appeared quite well, but the size of her velvet bonnet rendered it almost impracticable to descry her in its shady and cavernous recess." But still his ideas on the subject were singular, from the time of his preaching in a scarlet waistcoat at Newcastle till the end of his days. On one occasion, when

going to dine at his sister-in-law's, some little distance across the fields, he took advantage of the bright sunshine to unfold and air a clean shirt which he was going to put on. It was before the days of policemen, when parish constables flourished; and one of these meeting him, and not being overawed by his personal appearance, looked at him suspiciously, and charged him with having stolen the shirt. Upon Foster's denying the charge, and telling him where he was going, the man's suspicions were only strengthened, and he insisted on accompanying him to see if the tale were true. There of course he was soon convinced of his mistake, and, considerably confused no doubt, begged pardon. Foster's reply was every way characteristic: "Never mind, my good friend; you were much more likely to have met a rogue than an honest man."

With this dislike of adornment for himself, he had a great love for beautiful engravings and for books bound and got up in a costly and elegant manner. His letters refer repeatedly to the temptation of getting rare or expensive editions, a temptation to which he often yielded; and once, towards the close of a long visit, he says he must hasten home, for "the damp is spoiling his lots of engravings." Knowing this taste, the friend above mentioned once said to him, referring to it and to his own dress, "Don't you think *you* would be improved if you were a little better bound?"

The accompanying sketch, considered a good likeness by those who best knew him, represents him as he might have been seen in later life in the streets of Bristol, just come out of a well-known bookseller's, where he had been tempted to add to the "many

books which looked at him insultingly from their crowded shelves" all round his library because he had neither the time nor the eyesight to read them. It was produced twenty-five years ago, when the familiar image of the original was fresh in the mind. The face, however, was taken from life. One who knew him well, to whom our correspondent, the writer, had sent a copy of the portrait, says in a letter: "I thank you very sincerely for the interesting pen-and-ink sketch of Mr. Foster, so precisely like the well-known figure, thoughtfully pacing Bristol streets, whom I have often watched with awe and reverence."

Mr. Foster had a remarkably delicate way of doing little kindnesses. He would carry a basket of strawberries into Bristol to leave with a sick friend, or one to whom they were a rarity. He was particularly kind in helping students of limited means with books, and he would do it in this manner:—"I happen to have two copies of such or such a work; do you know any young man to whom one would be useful?" or, "I met with a cheap copy in good condition; you may know some one who will be glad of it."

Such are the memories of those who were really intimate with Foster, and it is pleasant to bear this small testimony to the less-known part of the character of a man whose thoughtful, earnest words have had a powerful influence on many hearts. The great majority of those who knew him have passed away, but there are a few still who think of him with affection as the agreeable companion and the considerate friend, beside regarding him as the most thoughtful and stimulating writer of his day.

## THE CITY OF ELMS:

NEW HAVEN, MASSACHUSETTS.

**E**VEN some educated Englishmen have misty views of the way in which the New England States became peopled. It is a common idea that the pilgrim fathers and their descendants gradually covered the colony. But this is a mistake. The State of Massachusetts had an origin quite independent of the Leyden refugees, and Boston was planted by a company of emigrants who did not sail from the shores of England until the town of Salem had been founded by preceding adventurers.

There is a peculiar charm in the early history of Connecticut. The valley which bears that name is rich and beautiful; and on the banks of the noble river, in primitive days, were bands of Indians, driving a profitable trade in skins and furs. There were people about Boston and other towns in Massachusetts, who looked with longing eyes upon this promising territory; one small party after another travelled thither in search of a new home; and in the autumn of 1635, a company of sixty pilgrims from the same quarter wended their way westward. The season was unwisely selected for their enterprise; winter overtook them ere they reached their destination; the cattle which they had brought perished, and some of them wandered back through pitiless snow storms.

But a few, strong in purpose, would not give up what they had begun, and when the spring returned they were reinforced by accessions of the Massachusetts brethren, some of whom probably, in addition

to the desire of occupying a fairer and more fruitful region, felt dissatisfaction at some of the proceedings of the Boston rulers. A considerable "caravan" of this kind, to use the language of Mr. Bancroft, began its march in the middle of the summer, 1636, led by Thomas Hooker, a famous Puritan minister, "the light of the western churches." There were about a hundred of them altogether, men, women, and children, and the record of their journey reminds one of narratives in the Book of Genesis, respecting the nomadic movements of the patriarchs. They drove before them herds of cattle; penetrated trackless forests—warily threading one tangled wood after another, fording streams, picking their steps through swamp and mud, living on fruits and milk, having no guide but the compass or the stars, and, Jacob-like, no pillow for their nightly rest but heaps of stones. A little vignette, in a copy of Bancroft, which we read many years ago, represents the travellers with their steeple-crowned hats, their dames and their little ones stopping by the wayside to drink of the brook, with goodly trees overshadowing their path, and a broad river temptingly revealing itself in the distance. That pleasant little sketch made an impression on our memory never lost. The journey took them a fortnight, though the distance did not exceed a hundred miles, and they rested at last on the right bank of the Connecticut, where now Hartford and Wethersfield, Windsor and Springfield, are more or less handsome and thriving towns.

Though the people were scattered, there was a unity in their plantation, and with a bee-like instinct they began at once to frame a regular community, and to work the hive according to rules loyally carried out. They created a general court "to govern the people of Connecticut for the space of a year," a plan which gave place after little more than that period to a representative system of the simplest kind.

Scarcely had they settled down, and come to number altogether a population of 800, than they were involved in a war with the neighbouring Indians of the Pequot tribes. In the course of this war, terrible reprisals were taken on the savages for their cruelty by the English settlers, who burnt the Indian wigwams, and enwrapped a whole straw village in smoke and flame. It chills the blood to read of the conflagration. Those who rushed out from the fire were shot down, and the report runs, "that there were about 400 souls in this fort (of wood and straw), and not above five of them escaped out of our hands." According to other accounts 700 perished. After the war "the land had rest forty years," and Connecticut grew and flourished. Political organisation became a renewed subject of study when the war was over. A written constitution was framed, which provided for the possession of the franchise by all the men who took an oath of allegiance, whether they were members of churches or not, thus deviating from the policy of Massachusetts. There were to be two meetings of freemen, at one of which, the spring meeting, a governor and six magistrates were to be elected for administrative purposes; whilst for legislative ends there was to be a court, consisting of deputies from the several towns, together with the governor and four magistrates. In the absence of special laws they adopted "the rule of the Word of God."

The origin of New Haven, as intimated, was distinct from the settlement of Connecticut. Theophilus Eaton, an opulent citizen of London, a parishioner of a Puritan clergyman, John Davenport, of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, sailed with his much honoured pastor for New England, and arrived there in June, 1637. They and their company, who had filled two ships, determined, after long deliberation, to settle down at Quinnipiack, on a commodious harbour of Long Island sound, thirty miles west of the mouth of the Connecticut river. It lay on a large and beautiful plain gently sloping down to the water, and surrounded on three sides by the Green Mountain range.

The emigrants kept their first Sunday under the shadow of an oak, and there Davenport preached a sermon, famous in after-time, on the temptation of Jesus in the wilderness. From the oak that day came a better oracle than the old heathen one of Dodona, and as the little party in Puritan garb sat on the grass to listen to their minister, they felt themselves braced up by divine strength for the trials and temptations that might beset them in this western wilderness. After fasting and prayer, they framed what they called "A Plantation Covenant," to distinguish it from a Church Covenant, which could not at that time be made, a church not being then gathered. They resolved that everything should be ordered by Scripture rule, and aimed at the establishment of a theocracy even more pure and complete than any other in New England.

When they had been a year together, these followers of Him who was laid in a manger held their

constituent assembly in a barn. Davenport preached from the text, "Wisdom hath builded her house: she hath hewn out her seven pillars." Forthwith, accordingly, they began their house, and chose the pillars. The Scriptures were to be the foundation, and Eaton and Davenport, and five others, the pillars. They formed a church, and admitted the members to the court. Again Davenport preached another of his memorable sermons, from the words of Moses: "The cause that is too hard for you, bring it unto me, and I will hear it." It was addressed to the elected governor. "Thus New Haven made the Bible its statute book, and the elect its freemen. As neighbouring towns were planted, each was likewise a house of wisdom resting on its seven pillars, and aspiring to be illuminated by the eternal light." It was a thoroughly theocratical republic, removed as far as possible from the institutions of the mother country; though these Puritan heroes, whilst casting off all the distinctions of feudal society, deemed themselves, to use Macaulay's words, "peers by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a nobler hand."

In the second year the village of Quinnipiack took the name of New Haven, and the name was extended to the little state composed of the neighbouring towns that sprung up in the region stretching out around the sacred oak of John Davenport. Things went on prosperously. Schools were set up for the young, and a body of laws was composed; but no such provisions were made as have gone by the name of "Blue Laws." Their existence "is the fabrication of a refugee of Connecticut, late in the eighteenth century." New Haven remained independent of Connecticut under the Confederacy.

It was at this period, and just before the change of relationship between them took place, that the two regicides, Colonel Whalley, and his son-in-law, Colonel Gough, fleeing from the royalists at the moment of the Restoration, sought refuge in New England. Whalley figured amongst Cromwell's major-generals, and was so considerable a person that Richard Baxter dedicated to him his book entitled "The Apology," in which he says: "Think not that your greatest trials are all over. Prosperity hath its peculiar temptation, by which it hath foiled many that stood unshaken in the storms of adversity. The tempter who hath had you on the waves will now assault you in the calm, and hath his last game to play on the mountain till nature cause you to descend. Stand this charge, and you will win the day."

When the refugees landed at Boston, Whalley found himself amidst trials in accordance with Baxter's prophecy, but such as Baxter little dreamt of, when he wrote those words. The Governor of Boston granted an asylum to the wanderers, but some royalists from Barbados scented them out, and they had to renew their flight. They proceeded to New Haven, won the sympathy of Davenport, and occasioned the delivery of another of his remarkable sermons from felicitously chosen texts, "Let mine outcasts dwell with thee: be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." The New Haven authorities threw their shield on the strangers. Though rewards were offered for their apprehension, and Davenport was threatened if their protection continued, he harboured them still in a cave of the rocks—a spot in the neighbourhood of the city pointed out to intelligent and curious strangers.



At the end of two years they removed to Hadley, and there, for sixteen years, abode in alarm and privation.

During the war with Philip of Pokanoket, an incident occurred of a romantic kind. The Indian chieftain surrounded the little town whilst the inhabitants were at worship. Although the people always carried arms, even at church, on this occasion the sudden assault filled them with fear; and, for once unmanned, they would probably have fallen into the hands of their foes, had not a stranger, in peculiar attire, but of commanding presence, put himself at their head, and skilfully marshalled the scanty band, with the words and authority of a general. The unknown visitant and deliverer proved to be no other than Gough, who, sitting at the window of the Munster House, had seen the Indians come down the hills, and had placed himself at the head of his fellow-Puritans, and led them on to victory. Sir Walter Scott has adopted the stirring story in his "Peveril of the Peak," but has confounded Whalley with Gough; and Fennimore Cooper has made use of the story in one of his novels.

After the restoration of Charles II New Haven became incorporated with Connecticut. Massachusetts was the first state to forward a loyal address to his Majesty. Connecticut, and, still more tardily, New Haven and Plymouth, followed in the rear. Edward Winthrop, the younger son of the Governor of Massachusetts, himself Governor of Connecticut, was despatched to England to obtain a charter for his own state. Strange to say, he obtained a charter conceding political powers which rendered the state almost independent of the English Crown, except that the General Court was prohibited from making laws contrary to the statutes of the English realm. Equally strange was it that the boundaries of the State of Connecticut were so drawn as to include New Haven. Davenport, before Winthrop set out, expressed his anxiety about the independence of his own state, which Winthrop assured him it was not the intention of the State of Connecticut to endanger; but without attributing the least treachery to Winthrop, whose character is stainless, it is supposed that Lord Clarendon, the author of the new arrangement, intended by it to accomplish a stroke of policy. He would weaken Massachusetts by rendering Connecticut a more formidable rival. By placing New Haven under Connecticut government, he would abolish the church franchise which had been adopted by New Haven. Davenport deprecated the union. Mr. Street, his colleague, who seems to have shared in his gift for an ingenious use of Scripture, ended a speech in the words of Isaiah: "What shall we then answer the messenger of the nation? That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of his people shall trust in it." Opposition was in vain. New Haven protested. Massachusetts and Plymouth defended their younger neighbours, but Connecticut, strong in the possession of a royal charter, maintained its new rights, and the extinction of the political independence of New Haven was found to be inevitable. From that time New Haven formed part of Connecticut.

It is not for us to trace the growing fortunes of this important state—how it struggled through difficulties and conflicts under James II, and recovered its suspended authority after the accession of King William III and Queen Mary—we would only just notice the part it played in the War of Independence. Whilst

the Pennsylvanian regiments were enjoying balls and other entertainments, the New Englanders were holding fast days and hearing sermons, and when a Maryland battalion marched in scarlet and buff uniforms, the rustic attire of the Connecticut soldiery excited the ridicule of the gentlemen of the south. "Old-fashioned men, truly irregulars; whether their clothing, equipments, or caparisons were regarded, it would have been difficult to discover any circumstance of uniformity. Instead of carbines and sabres they generally carried fowling-pieces, some of them very long, such as in Pennsylvania are used for shooting ducks. Here and there one appeared in a dingy regimental of scarlet, with a triangular tarnished laced hat." Of some of these same men another writer observes: "Their lank cheeks and war-worn coats are viewed with more veneration by their honest countrymen than if they were glittering nabobs from India or bashaws with nine tails." The Connecticut dragoons brought stout hearts to the aid of the patriot cause; but they had too much the spirit of independence to submit at first to the needful discipline of an army, and so gave Washington a good deal of trouble. The services of the Connecticut troops, however, were very differently estimated at a later period. "No portion of the Union," says Washington Irving, "was more severely lashed throughout the revolution for military services." And Washington avowed, when the great struggle was over, that "if all the states had done their duty as well as the little State of Connecticut, the war would have been ended long ago."

The present town of New Haven is one of the greatest ornaments of New England, and Connecticut may well be proud of the daughter who more than two centuries ago was forcibly adopted into her colonial family. It is truly called the City of Elms, for noble trees of that kind line her streets, and present to the traveller one of the most pleasant specimens possible of a *rus in urbe*. They harmoniously blend their colours with those of the houses and public buildings, and are as pleasant to the eye as they are agreeable in point of shade on a hot summer day. The profusion in which they stand forming graceful avenues across the wide area in front of Yale College is very remarkable, and we were much struck with the picturesque framework they afford to the group of edifices which belong to the famous seminary of that name. The college in New Haven is its chief distinction, and we cannot speak of the City of Elms without dwelling for awhile on this world-known seat of learning. In visiting Andover, Cambridge, and Princetown we much admired the sylvan aspect of the sites where our American brethren have planted some of their most illustrious schools. Trees, trees, trees, meet you everywhere in these pleasant places; and we felt that in choice of position and plantation, the New England and Isle of Jersey fathers, like the monks of old in the mother country when building abbeys and priories, had an eye for the picturesque.

It redounds highly to the honour of New England that so soon after its settlement the interests of education began to be thought of. Harvard was an early foundation, and before the end of the seventeenth century it was emulated by the State of Connecticut. Certain Congregational ministers concocted a scheme for instituting what they called "The School of the Church, where young men were to be trained for

public employments in church and civil state, according to a Confession of Faith to be consented to by the resident inspectors and tutors." It sprang out of a religious spirit; it rested on a religious basis. The Congregationalists of that day could not think of education apart from religion. They sought and obtained a royal charter in 1701. It has received modifications and additions from subsequent acts, but throughout, up to the present hour, a theological faculty has been incorporated with the rest of its scholastic provisions. Saybrook was first chosen as the site of the new establishment. There Abraham Pierson became the first rector, and a Confession of Faith, the same in substance as the Westminster and Savoy Confessions, was agreed to by the united ministry of the colony, "formerly called Presbyterian and Congregational." The rectors were allowed to shift their habitations; the students were scattered over a wide neighbourhood—all of which was found to be inconvenient; and in 1716 it was resolved to fix the institution where it has remained ever since. Books and other benefactions enriched the infant college, but it found its best friend in Elihu Yale, the son of an emigrant, who settled at New Haven in 1638. Elihu was born there, but as a boy went to England and thence to India, where he accumulated a fortune and rose to the dignity of Governor of Madras. On returning to England he renewed his correspondence with his American relatives; and taking a great interest in the scene of his birth, he liberally endowed the college founded there. From him, of course, it derived its present name.

The theological instructions imparted were in accordance with the creed adopted by the authorities. In this respect it resembled the universities of Europe. And if at first the range of theological study was narrow, and restricted mainly to the inculcation of the tenets held by the professors, in excuse they could appeal to precedents almost everywhere else.

Certain of the students adopted Episcopalian views, and left the college; but there could not have been much amiss in the curriculum of study pursued at Yale in the middle of the eighteenth century, one would think, for we find Bishop Berkeley presenting to the library a thousand volumes, valued at £500, and making over landed property as an endowment for promoting classical studies. In 1751 he wrote to the President acknowledging the pleasure, and ample recompense for all his donations, which he had received from the reports conveyed to him.

Certainly no charge of narrowness can be brought against Yale College at the present day. From a catalogue of its officers and students now before us, we find no less than seventy-four professors, lecturers, and tutors, in all departments of ancient and modern learning; and if it were not that we might seem to be flattering men whose acquaintance we count it a privilege to have formed, we should mention certain world-known names such as would be an honour to any university.

Yale College has produced many illustrious Americans, and among them are numbered several divines and preachers. Jonathan Edwards occupies a first place on the list in both these respects, and also in point of time. He graduated at New Haven before he was seventeen, and became a tutor in 1724. Here he early displayed that metaphysical acuteness which on all sides is regarded with admiration, whatever may be thought of the conclusions which he reached. It was not, however, at Yale, but whilst acting as a

missionary to the Indians, that he prepared those works on metaphysical theology which are the main pillars of his fame; and his most extraordinary sermons were delivered at Northampton and Enfield. It was deeply interesting, after we had seen the college at New Haven, and thought of Edwards in his youth, to visit Princetown, where he spent the two last years of his life, to sit in the old house which he occupied as president of the college there, and to stand before his grave in company with his honoured successor, who inherits so much of his intellectual acumen.

Dr. Livingstone, not the African traveller, but a well-known American preacher half a century ago, was another of the *alumni* of Yale. Here he graduated, and laid a foundation for those attainments at Utrecht University which fitted him ultimately to be president of Queen's College. His reputation as a preacher stands very high. A sermon by him on "The Flight of the Angel with the Everlasting Gospel" is included in Fish's masterpieces of pulpit eloquence; and respecting it the following anecdote is told. In a printed form the sermon reached Williams' College, and fell into the hands of the pious students, among whom were Samuel Mills, Gordon Hall, and Richards. These young men took the sermon with them to the meadow on the banks of the Hoosac river, whither they were accustomed to retire on Saturday afternoons for consultation and prayer touching heathen missions. "Here by the famous haystack, under which they gathered, they pored over these words of wisdom and fervid eloquence on a theme which in those days was comparatively new." Dr. Edward D. Griffin graduated at Yale in 1790, and after a variety of sacred employments was chosen president of the college to which, in connection with Livingstone's sermon, allusion has been made. Fish remarks, "It would be difficult to name any one, since the days of George Whitefield, who has been the instrument of an equal number of conversions." "Noble and dignified in his form and bearing," adds the American critic on American preaching, "with an eye full of fire, a countenance beaming with light, and a voice capable of breathing forth the softest and gentlest emotions, or swelling into the majesty of thunder-like tones, he held the complete command of his audiences, now coming down upon them to break and to crush with the fury of the tempest, and now bearing them on sweet and transporting accents to the very gate of heaven."

Space remains for the mention of only one more name—that of Dr. Timothy Dwight. He was a grandson of Jonathan Edwards, and like other distinguished men, derived the highest advantages from his maternal education. He entered Yale College at the age of thirteen, graduated with superior honours, soon afterwards became a tutor there; and when he quitted the post at twenty-five, the students, almost to a man, petitioned the college authorities to appoint him president. Such a step would have been manifestly unwise, but in the year 1795, when he had reached his forty-third year, he attained that honour, and united with it a theological professorship and the office of preacher. His discourses form a system of divinity, and by them he is chiefly known in England, but in America he acquired reputation as a bard by his epic on the "Conquest of Canaan," and his poem entitled "America," written after the style of Pope's "Windsor Forest."

J. STOUGHTON, D.D.



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## CARICATURE AND CARICATURISTS.

VIII.



MR. BRIGGS HAS GONE TO THE EXHIBITION—A BOY HOLDS HIS HORSE IN THE MEANTIME.

John Leech.

By permission of Messrs. Bradbury.

THE cheap rivals of "Punch," who furnish weekly merriment for a penny, have brought caricature, in all its broader phases, to the homes of the humbler classes. No reasonable man would regret this if their purveyors, in seeking to rival the witty hunchback, would emulate his moderation, his gentlemanly reticence where reticence is virtue, and his guarded respect for the proprieties of life. There has been too much of the old elements of caricature—too much licence of pen and pencil—too much personal resentment—and far too much of the old political venom, in the publications comparatively late of some of the cheap pictorial sheets to which we allude. It would seem that when political agitations approach, or are supposed to be approaching a crisis, the caterers for the public amusement imagine themselves at liberty to resort to any means, however outrageous, so that it be legal, to back up the political party to which they belong, and to blacken the characters of the party to which they are opposed. The result is, that in times of political excitement, things are said pictorially which, were they expressed in words, would infallibly subject the writers to imprisonment and swingeing penalties. The most atrocious libels are not libels if they are only drawn or painted and not written, and hence we sometimes see public men of the highest character and of unspotted life—who have deserved nothing but the respect and gratitude of their countrymen—held up not only to mockery and ridicule, but to the reproach, the reprobation, the

disgust of mankind. It is humiliating to turn over the pages of old volumes, and note how rapidly unjust has been the treatment systematically awarded to men whose whole lives have been a benefaction to their country.

The only publication of the present day in England which is at all comparable to the school of caricature of the last century is "Vanity Fair," a publication of which the middle classes know comparatively little, but which has a considerable circulation among the class that contribute among them the chief subjects of its satire. These are statesmen and politicians, ecclesiastics, literary men, members of the legal, medical, and other professions, diplomatists, and occasionally persons of reputation or notoriety not belonging to either of the above categories. The drawings are coloured portraits at full length (dwarfed), oddly overcharged with the grotesque both as to form and colour, and characterised by a reckless kind of exaggeration so deftly dealt with as not greatly to interfere with the salient traits of feature that constitute the likeness. Many of them are exceedingly clever; they are all, more or less, pigmies in stature, with heads largely magnified, and they are generally provocative of mirth, save when, as is sometimes the case, they arouse indignation at the unworthy treatment the artist accords to persons who could not by any possibility have given him just cause for offence. There is not much wit—clever as it may be thought—in distorting a man's

countenance so as to preserve the features while abolishing or perverting the expression; yet this is an exploit which is constantly being achieved in "Vanity Fair." In more than one respect it is fortunate that these exaggerated representations of many of the foremost Englishmen of our day will not go down to posterity as anything more than the mere jocular travesties they are, for the simple reason that the countless photographs of the time will be transmitted along with them, and will endure, a standing testimony of the calumnies embodied in M. Pellegrini's whimsical, and often gratuitously malicious performances. Probably it is considerations of this kind that in a great measure blunt the edge of the satire of this unscrupulous artist, and enable the subjects of it to laugh with those who laugh at them, conscious, as they must be, that those who know them, and all indeed whose regard is worth anything, will appreciate the joke at just so much as it is worth, and no more. It is a pity that one who has so fine a talent—who can detect and define the minutest expressions of face or peculiarity of figure, and whose observation is so searching and subtle—should have elected to emulate the old school of caricaturists rather than the new. For the last forty years, or thereabouts, caricature has been, so to say, civilising and humanising itself—substituting, in an amusingly disguised form, moral training in place of the rod and the lash—and there can be small doubt that the social atmosphere has been not a little purified by the change. "Vanity Fair" repudiates all such endeavours at amelioration, and goes back to the petulant and malicious manner of Sayer and Gillray—not perceiving, or not caring that in so doing it jars with the feeling of the times, and makes itself historically false, seeing that it does not represent the spirit of its own age, but that of an age which has passed away, never to return—let us hope. It is said that not a few of the celebrities, or would-be celebrities, who figure in "Vanity Fair" have voluntarily sat to the artist for the identical pictures published by him. If this report is true it is the most remarkable instance we know of what people will do for the sake of notoriety. One would scarcely think it possible that a man would elect to be caricatured rather than to be represented truthfully, yet such is the case. There are medical and scientific professors who circulate among their patients, clients, and patrons, in the form of *cartes-de-visite*, their own portraits executed by caricaturists, in which they figure as pigmies, with their facial lineaments exaggerated in the style of the "Vanity Fair" productions, and so resembling them in manner that we are more than half inclined to attribute them to the same clever hand. We could easily procure a few of these if it were worth while, but we doubt very much the propriety of presenting our readers with an example. The question naturally arises, Will it ever come to be thought a desirable thing to be caricatured? It is plain that a good many people have no great objection to it, and that others even now desire it, and incur expense to get it done. Is the weathercock of fashion really coming round to that quarter, after veering about in every other possible direction through the centuries? Positively we cannot undertake to answer the question.

Caricature—political caricature especially—has, for nearly a century past, been a much greater power in

France than it ever was here. The reason may be that the pictorial press in France enjoys (and abuses) a much greater degree of freedom than the literary and journalistic press. The veto is rarely issued, if indeed it is ever issued at all, against the publication of works of art, whatever their character; and hence productions which are a disgrace to civilisation, and of a kind which the Society for the Suppression of Vice would immediately suppress, and does suppress whenever they can lay hands on them in London, are allowed to circulate freely, and are sold in the shops of Paris, if not openly, at least with the merest pretence of secrecy. Since the fall of the Second Empire nothing has testified more loudly to the demoralisation of the Parisian populace than the caricatures that have been published with a view to heap up infamy on the Imperial family, and the encouragement such publications have met with.

At all periods of political crisis the French resort to caricature as to a weapon of offence. Had they had the liberty they have struggled for so long—could they have hopefully sought redress by constitutional means—they might perhaps have cared less for the force of ridicule and satire. Be that as it may, the fact remains, that Frenchmen are the most audacious caricaturists, and invariably break out in pictorial aggression of the most ruthless sort whenever the standing authority has to be defied and overthrown. The downfall of Charles x was largely aided by prints of an insurrectionary and insulting character, engraved in outline, and of a small size, in which the royal family and their *alter idem* the Jesuits were most savagely handled; and the overthrow of their rule was commemorated in a series of similar outline prints published all together in a small square octavo. Louis Philippe fared no better in his turn at the hands of the satirical limners. At one time it was the fashion to represent him as a Burgundy pear, and the thing was so comically done that everybody laughed at it, and so easily imitated, that the populace took charcoal and chalk and decorated the dead walls of the city and suburbs with the pear-shaped head of the citizen king. The king, unfortunately, instead of joining in the laugh, took the thing seriously, and commenced a prosecution against the artist who had set the ball a-rolling. It is some forty years since a friend of the present writer chanced to be present at the trial of the offender in a court of justice. The scene, according to his description of it, was not at all in accordance with the decency and solemnity of justice, but was, on the contrary, essentially comic. The artist, who defended himself, had brought his portfolio and sketching materials. He claimed his right as an artist to depict any natural object that he might select. He chose to portray pears. Was that a crime? Was his loyalty or his patriotism to be impeached because the head of his sacred majesty bore some resemblance to that delicious fruit? "Look you, gentlemen," and he turned to the jury; "you see, when I design a pear, as I do now, the royal features come into the picture whether I will or no." As he spoke he drew with startling rapidity a pear a good foot or so in length, and then, pointing to it with his porte-crayon, gave it a couple of accidental touches which effectually transformed the fruit into a farcical portrait of the king. The jury, one and all, roared with laughter—they couldn't help themselves, the transformation was so sudden, and the comical result so astounding. Worse still, the prosecutor laughed, and the judges turned away

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their faces lest it should be said that they also joined in the general mirth. Of course the prosecution failed. This was a severe blow to be inflicted by caricature, but worse things followed later. Towards the close of his reign, Louis Philippe had employed Horace Vernet, and some of his advanced pupils, to paint the most remarkable scenes of his eventful life. As fast as these subjects were designed they were travestied in caricatures, and the caricatures privately circulated. The people took offence at the royal egotism, and when the Revolution broke out which sent the king forth to his exile in England, the mob got access to the huge paintings intended to immortalise him, and tore them to shreds. During the sway of Louis Napoleon, the caricaturists were rarely molested, and had their own way. What that way was, the "Figaro," the "Charivari," and other kindred sheets, sufficiently show. We are not going to criticise their moral or political aspect, since no remarks of ours in that direction could be of any possible use. We may, however, join in the general

admiration of the talents displayed by men like Gavarni and his compeers, whose ready wit and lively humour are only surpassed by their facile and brilliant execution with the pencil.

Some idea of the too prevalent type of French social caricature is given by one of their own literary men, M. Taine. In referring to our English caricatures, he expresses his surprise that in the most popular comic papers he did not find a single jest or allusion to bring a blush to the cheek of innocence or youth.

Of German political caricatures we know less in this country, and we must confess that not a few which have come in our way have puzzled rather than pleased us. On the other hand, we confess to laughing a good deal at some of the quaint social subjects which are almost insane in their exaggeration, while abounding in fun and practical humour. Perhaps on some future occasion we may invite the reader to an innocent laugh over these whimsical performances.

## BY-PATHS OF MUSICAL HISTORY.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

XX.—THE NATIONAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND.

THE music of Scotland has always been admired for its wild pathos and artless simplicity, showing that it is derived from very remote antiquity. The oldest melodies are evidently the production of a pastoral age, and prior to the use of any musical instrument beyond that of a very limited scale of a few natural notes, and before the knowledge of any rules of artificial music.

The peculiarity of the Scottish scale has been frequently remarked, though its properties have been variously understood. Mr. Tytler says, "The distinguishing strain of our old melodies is plaintive and melancholy; and what makes them soothing and affecting to a great degree is the constant use of the concordant tones, the third and fifth of the scale, often ending upon the fifth, and some of them upon the sixth of the scale." Upon this slender foundation he grounds a number of conclusions respecting the comparative age of the most noted melodies. But it must be obvious that no satisfactory conclusion can be drawn from so slender a data.

The national scale of Scotland is the modern diatonic scale, divested of the fourth and seventh. Thus:—



"It is impossible," says Mr. Thomson, "to hear this scale without feeling how entirely it possesses the character of Scottish melody; and from a careful examination of the whole body of our national music, it appears that every air (with a very few exceptions) which is really ancient, is constructed according to this scale, and does not contain a single note which is foreign to it—excepting only in the case of those airs (which are few in number) of which the series has occasionally been altered by the introduction of the flat seventh."

The flat seventh, so far from being a note of rare occurrence, is frequently used, and constitutes one of the most striking features of Scottish melody. In

this respect there is a singular analogy between the Scottish music and the canto-fermo or plain chant of the Romish Church. This resemblance was noticed by Ritson. A friend of his observes:—"When I was in Italy, it struck me very forcibly that the plain chants which are sung by the friars or priests bore a great resemblance to some of the oldest of the Scottish melodies. If a number of bass voices were to sing the air of Barbara Allan in the ecclesiastical manner, the likeness would appear so great to a person who is not accustomed to hear the former frequently, that he would imagine the one to be a slight variation on the other." But Ritson, Campbell, and Tytler, all concur in deprecating the idea of the popular Scotch airs having sprung from the music of the Church. "Nevertheless," says Dr. Percy, "it is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs were composed, to be sung by the rabble, to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. 'Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies' (designed to ridicule the Popish clergy) is said to be one of those metamorphosed hymns. 'Maggie Lauder' was another; 'John Anderson my Jo,' was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. Mr. Tytler adds to these, the tunes of 'John, come kiss me now,' and 'Kind Robin lo'es me.'" A modern writer observes: "We know not what credit is attachable to these traditions; but there are many circumstances which would lead us to believe that, at the Reformation, and for many years before it, the adaptation to secular purposes of the hymns and canto-fermo of the Romish Church was no novelty in Scotland." As Mr. Geddes, the author of "The Saints' Recreation," says: "It is possible and probable that our grave, sweet tunes had been surreptitiously borrowed from spiritual hymns and songs;" and we have often thought that the solemnity of the ecclesiastical tones, every now and then pealing upon the ear, powerfully contributes to the production of these wild, plaintive,



and pathetic effects for which the slow Scotch airs are so celebrated.

Dr. Burney was naturally much struck with the coincidence between the tonality of the Scottish tunes and a Chinese scale mentioned by Rameau, with a specimen of Chinese music in "Rousseau's Dictionary;" and finding a resemblance between this scale and the description given of the old Enharmonic of Olympus, he was led to conclude, not that the Scots borrowed their music from the Chinese, or that either of these nations was indebted to ancient Greece for its melody, but that, as the Chinese were extremely tenacious of old customs, and equally enemies to innovation with the ancient Egyptians, there was a presumption in favour of the high antiquity of this kind of music, and that it was as natural to a people of simple manners during the infancy of civilisation and art.

A couple of Chinese airs, selected from a MS. collection in the possession of the writer, will give the reader some idea of the similarity we have mentioned:—

## CHINESE AIR.



Although it is certain that all the *really ancient* Scotch airs are founded upon the pentatonic scale just described—a scale which any one may test by running over the black keys of the pianoforte—a large proportion of these melodies are written upon a more perfect scale: these are the tunes of more modern times.

A good instance of a *modern* pentatonic melody is that of "Ye Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon." Burns, writing to George Thomson, November, 1794, says: "Do you know the history of this air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr. James Miller, writer in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with our friend Clarke; and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent desire to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is that in a few days Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question. . . . Now to show you how difficult it is to trace the origin of our airs, I have heard it repeatedly asserted that this was an Irish air; nay, I met with an Irish gentleman

who affirmed he had heard it in Ireland among the old women; while, on the other hand, a countess informed me that the first person who introduced the air into this country, was a baronet's lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant piper in the Isle of Man. How difficult, then, to ascertain the truth respecting our poesy and music!"

## "YE BANKS AND BRAES."



"In the music of almost every nation," according to Mr. Carl Engel, "we meet with some favourite groups of notes constituting *motives* of a peculiar rhythm, which are employed with evident predilection. They might be compared to certain standard expressions usually met with in popular poetry." There is one peculiarity about the Scottish music—a short note preceding a long one upon a strong accent—which is called the *snapp*, and to be found in profusion in modern imitations of Scotch ballads, such as "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town." It is the characteristic of Strathspey music, distinguishing it from reel or jig time, but essentially, as Mr. Colin Brown observes, "it belongs to no other form of Scottish music any more than to the dances of other countries." It is found in the Italian opera music of the last century, and has been used by Gluck and Mozart without any evidence of its being borrowed from the Scotch. It is also one of the peculiarities of Hungarian music, where it generally occurs upon an unaccented part of the bar.

James I of Scotland is recognised as the father of Scottish melody, and popular tradition ascribes to him the composition of many beautiful and well-known airs. Mr. Tytler, in his life of that monarch, says that he is justly reckoned the first reformer, if not the inventor, of the Scottish vocal music; and, in his "Dissertation," he holds it as "scarce to be doubted" that his original Scottish melodies "are still remaining," and form a part of our finest airs, "though they, probably, pass undistinguished under other names, and are adapted to modern words." But there is not the slightest authority for holding that he ever composed a single Scottish tune. James V was a composer and song writer; but it may reasonably be doubted if a single fragment of his music still remains. Mary is said to have been instrumental in spreading the musical taste of her country; and the names of her two secretaries, Chastelar and Rizzio, are mixed up with the improvement of Scottish melody, but it is quite certain that they had nothing whatever to do with it. Dr. Mackay says: "To Chastelar are ascribed many tender melodies now considered Scottish (?), which are obviously of French parentage; and to Rizzio

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Scotland is probably indebted for more music than will ever be discovered to have come from Italy (?)."

Before noticing Rizzio's alleged authorship of many Scottish melodies, let us take a rapid glance at his life in this country. We are told by Chalmers that David Rizzio was born at Turin, of poor parents, and that he came to Scotland in the suite of the Piedmontese ambassador towards the end of the year 1561. Soon afterwards he entered the service of Queen Mary, for we find that on the 8th January, 1561-2, he received £50 Scots, as "virlet of the Queen's chamber;" and, again, three months later, £15 as "chamber-child" (page or usher). The account given of his entrance into the Queen's household is that a fourth singer was occasionally wanted to take a part in the performance of madrigals and other concerted vocal music, and that he, having a good voice, and being well skilled in music, was engaged to fill the situation. In this position he seems to have remained for several years, for in 1564 we find that four payments were made to him at the rate of £80 a year, still as "virlet." In 1565 the Queen's French secretary having been dismissed, Rizzio was appointed to succeed him, but did not long enjoy his new office, as he was murdered about the close of the same year, having thus been little more than four years in the country.

The late Mr. G. F. Graham (the learned editor of Wood's "Songs of Scotland"), who investigated Rizzio's claims as an improver of Scottish melody, says: "How or when such a belief originated may be difficult to determine; but certainly there are no traces of it for a century and a half after Rizzio's death. During all that time there is no historical hint that Rizzio ever composed anything in any style of music, and not a vestige of any music, sacred or secular, is ascribed to him. Tassoni, his countryman (born in 1566, the year of Rizzio's murder), speaking of music, says that James, King of Scotland, invented a new and plaintive style of melody. Whether this assertion be correct or not is of no consequence to our present inquiry. In either case, Tassoni's assertion is sufficient to show not only that no claim had till then been set up in favour of Rizzio, but also that an earlier origin was then assigned to Scottish melody."

From what we have already stated, and from what follows, we are inclined to believe that Rizzio's name was first connected with Scottish melody by his countrymen who were in England about the beginning of the last century. We know that Italian music was then fashionable in London, and that Scottish song divided the public taste with it. Whether the flowing style of melody peculiar to the Lowland pastoral airs induced the belief that an Italian only could have written them, we do not pretend to say, but it is certain that Rizzio was first heard of as a composer in 1725, when Thomson published his 'Orpheus Caledonius.' In this there are seven airs ascribed to Rizzio—'An' thou wert mine ain thing,' 'Bessie Bell,' 'Auld Rob Morris,' 'The Boatman,' 'The Bush aboon Traquair,' 'The Lass o' Patie's Mill,' and 'Down the Burn, Davie.' Of these at least three certainly had not existed much above half a century, and the last was probably a very recent composition. Such is the earliest evidence in favour of Rizzio, and, slight as it is, its authority is considerably lessened by the fact that in the second edition of the 'Orpheus Caledonius,' 1733, Thomson, perhaps taking shame to himself for having been an

accessory to the imposture, suppressed Rizzio's name entirely."

The most ancient Scottish airs still preserved are extremely simple, consisting generally of one measure only, without any second part, as the later or more modern melodies have. They were undoubtedly composed for a very primitive instrument—such as the shepherd's reed or pipe, of few notes.

Perhaps one of the most interesting and beautiful of the old Scottish melodies is that of "The Flowers of the Forest," a genuine copy of which was discovered some few years since in the Skene ms. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Nothing more solemn and pathetic is to be found in the whole range of Scottish melody. Adapted to Miss Elliott's words, the effect is perfect, so much better than when sung with the vitiated modern version, that one can almost imagine they had been composed for the air in its genuine form.

#### "THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST."

*Adagio.*

I've heard them lilt - in' at the ewe milk-in',  
Lass - ea a lilt - in' be - fore dawn of day;  
Now there's a moan - in' on il - ka green loan - in', The  
flow'rs of the Fo - rest are a' wede a - - way.

The melodies of this nation are remarkable for pathos and feeling. What person of taste can be insensible to the fine airs of "I'll never leave thee," "Allan Water," "An' thou wert my ain thing," "The Braes of Ballendine," etc., when sung with taste and expression! The simple melody of the old song, "Waly, waly," is one of the most touching in its expression of disappointment and despair. It is the pathetic complaint of a forsaken maid bemoaning herself along the late frequented haunts of her and her lover. The old Scottish word *waly* signifies *wail*, or heavy sorrow and lamentation.

#### "O WALY, WALY UP THE BANK."

*Andante.*

O wa-ly, wa - ly, up the bank, And wa-ly, wa - ly,  
down the brae, And wa - ly, wa - ly, yon burn-side, Where  
I and my love went to gae! I leen'd my back un-  
to an aik, I thought it was a trus - ty tree; But  
first it bow'd, and syne it brak', And sae did my true love to me.

How soothing and plaintive is the lullaby of a forsaken mother over her child expressed in "Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament!" How romantic the melody of the old love ballad of "Hero and

Leander!" What a melancholy love story (says Tytler, from whom we quote) is told in the old song of "Jocky and Sandy!" and what frantic grief expressed in "I wish I were where Helen lies!" In fact, the sentiment and passion found in the pathetic melodies of Scotland cannot be equalled in the national music of any other country.

In old times the family of every chief, or head of a clan, had its bard, who was by no means a person of small distinction. His office, upon solemn feasts, was to sing and rehearse the splendid actions of the heroic ancestors of the family to which he was attached, accompanying himself upon the harp. There were also itinerant or strolling minstrels, performers on the harp, who went about the country, from house to house, reciting heroic ballads and other popular episodes. To this latter class we are indebted for that species of music called the "port." Almost every family had a port that went by the name of the family. Of those still preserved are "Port Lennox," "Port Gordon," "Port Seton," and "Port Athole." These tunes are not of the martial strain of the march, as some writers have imagined, but rather (all that we have examined) of a plaintive character.

The "pibroch," the march or battle tune of the Highland clans, is fitted for the bagpipe only. Its measure, in the *pas grave* of the Highland piper, equipped with his flag and military ensigns, when marching up to battle, is stately and animating, rising often to a degree of fury.

"The ancient order of bards," says Mr. Colin Brown, "was the chief means of preserving the national music of our country from prehistoric times, through the middle ages, down even to our own day. The tales, the legends, and music of the bards still maintain their hold in the Highlands of Scotland, in Ireland, and in Wales. Much of the music is yet unpublished, and consequently unknown to the world outside. Sometimes a well-known Highland tune appears, unacknowledged, under a strange name, and achieves astonishing popularity; such, for instance, as the absurd song 'Kafoozleum,' the tune of which is one of the best known pibroch-marches in the Highlands. History records that when returning from the defeat of Sir John Cope at Dunbar, the Highlanders entered Edinburgh playing this march, the burden of the words being:—

'We will take the high-way,  
We will take the high-way,  
We will take the high-way,  
Let others take their will—O!'

"Sometimes a well-known melody is changed in time or form, so that an old familiar friend becomes hardly recognisable. Who, for instance, detects in 'Johnnie comes marching Home,' and 'Willie, we have missed you,' the two Scotch songs, 'John Anderson my Jo,' and 'Jock o' Hazeldean,' in an American dress?"

The oldest copy of any Scotch air in print, is that of "Cold and Raw," or "Up in the Morning early," inserted in the collection of catches published by Hilton in 1652. Of this very excellent melody, which seems to have been a favourite in the seventeenth century, we have a gossiping story told by Sir John Hawkins in his "History of Music," which we are tempted to extract:—"This tune was greatly admired by Queen Mary, the consort of King William; and she once affronted Purcell by requesting to have

it sung to her, he being present. The story is as follows:—The Queen having a mind, one afternoon, to be entertained with music, sent to Mr. Gostling—then one of the chapel, and afterwards sub-dean of St. Paul's—to Henry Purcell, and Mrs. Arabella Hunt, who had a very fine voice, and an admirable hand on the lute, with a request to attend her. They obeyed her commands. Mr. Gostling and Mrs. Hunt sung several compositions of Purcell, who accompanied them on the harpsichord. At length, the Queen, beginning to grow tired, asked Mrs. Hunt if she would not sing the old Scots ballad, 'Cold and Raw.' Mrs. Hunt answered yes, and sung it to her lute. Purcell was all the while sitting at the harpsichord unemployed, and not a little nettled at the Queen's preference of a vulgar ballad to his music; but, seeing her Majesty delighted with this tune, he determined that she should hear it upon another occasion; and, accordingly, in the next birthday song, viz., that for the year 1692, he composed an air to the words, 'May her bright example chase vice in troops out of the land,' the bass whereof is the tune of 'Cold and Raw': it is printed in the second part of the 'Orpheus Britannicus,' and is note for note the same with the Scotch tune."

#### "UP IN THE MORNING EARLY."

*Moderate time.*

Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south, The  
drift... is drift-ing sair-ly; The sheep are cowl-ing  
in ..... the hough, O, sirs, ... it's win-ter fair-ly. Now  
up in the morn-ing's no..... for me, up in the morn-ing  
ear-ly; I'd ra-ther gae supperless to ..... my bed Than  
rise in the morn-ing ear-ly.

Mention is made of other individual Scottish airs, in anecdotes and notices relating to the middle and end of the seventeenth century. Thus, in reference to the period after the Restoration, we are told of a "Scottish laird who had been introduced to King Charles, with whom he had afterwards many merry meetings while in Scotland, enlivened by the song and dance of his country. Having become unfortunate in his affairs, he is said to have found his way to London, with the view of making an appeal to the royal favour, and for a long while to have been unable to obtain access, until one day, when he be-thought himself of the expedient of slipping into the seat of the organist at the conclusion of the service, in the Chapel Royal, and of arresting his Majesty's attention as he departed, with the homely and unexpected strain of 'Brose and Butter,' a tune which very naturally awakened the recollection of their former friendship, and in a few minutes brought about the recognition which it was so much his desire to effect."

We have no edition of this very characteristic song contemporaneous with the time of the anecdote. But we have no reason to doubt that the air which is thus

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commemorated is the same as that with which we are still delighted at the present day, and which is to some persons better known under the title of "The Grinder."

In the year 1680 the air of "Katherine Ogie" was sung at a concert in Stationers' Hall, by John Abel, the lutenist and counter-tenor singer, of whom the strange story is told, that when he was in Poland, the King, in revenge for some exhibition of that caprice for which singers are proverbial, compelled him to sing in a suspended chair, upon pain of being let down among wild bears, a threat under the influence of which Abel declared that he sung better than he had ever done in his life.

"KATHERINE OGIE."

*Andante.*

As I went forth to view the plain, Up-on a morn-ing  
ear-ly, With May's sweet scent to cheer my brain, When  
flow'rs grew fresh and fair-ly; I chanc'd to meet a  
pret-ty maid, She shon'd tho' it was fog-gy; I  
ask'd her name, Sweet sir, she said, My name is Katherine O-gie.

For the preservation and knowledge of Scottish song and music we are much indebted to an Edinburgh music-engraver named Johnson, who published the first number of his "Musical Museum" (afterwards extended to six volumes) in 1787. "This was an effort," says Dr. Mackay, "both to preserve and to improve the songs and music of Scotland, an effort in which the publisher and editor was admirably assisted by Robert Burns, a writer then but little known, but whose fame is now as wide as the two hemispheres, and penetrates as far as the influence of the English language and the pastures or farmsteadings of our colonies. Burns wrote some songs for this work, and brought from obscurity, by the easy light of his genius, a still greater number, that in their old shape were either too uncouth or too indecent for introduction into refined and moral company. A greater than Johnson shortly afterwards appeared in the person of the late George Thomson, of Edinburgh. Mr. Thomson availed himself of the same renowned and happy pen, and, with this assistance, did more than any previous collector had done to give Scottish music the world-wide celebrity and favour which it now enjoys."

## NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

### A ROW AMONG THE MONKEYS.

ON a visit to the Zoological Gardens some time ago, just before the humane arrangements with regard to the monkey-house were completed, I was passing the old dens, when I was arrested by the sounds of an unusual commotion in their community, and on stopping for a moment to see the cause of this disturbance, I was soon made aware that a court of justice had been instituted, and a trial was about to take place, but what it meant I could not guess. In a corner sat a grave and reverend-looking monkey, a judge or

deciding voice, and a patriarch of his people. He was dressed in his robes of office—for his age, white hairs, gravity, and deportment, made him worthy of his position. He was surrounded, also, by a few grave and elderly members of the tribe. I soon found out that a blackleg in the society had committed a crime of assault against one of its members, by biting, to the effusion of blood, and otherwise ill-using his supposed privileges of "might over right." I waited with great interest to see the result. Immediately two policemen brought into court, from one of the back cages, a culprit looking the picture of guilt and terror, and following him was the sufferer bleeding and exhausted. The grave deportment and sedate looks of our monkey-judge, however, suffered no discomposure, and if I might guess at his thoughts, they were simply expressed by a mute sign to bring the parties before him, and accordingly they were brought to the bar by the aforesaid policemen.

The wretched culprit, as it appeared to me, had a fair trial, supported by evidence for and against him, and had even the privilege of saying something for himself; he seemed very sorry, and entreated for a limited punishment, as his eloquent self-defence seemed to express. But our grave judge ordered otherwise, and, wholly indifferent to the eloquent defence made by the scoundrel, he merely lifted his finger, and the sufferings which he had inflicted upon the complainant were immediately bestowed upon himself. He was knocked down, bitten, and kicked, and otherwise so severely handled that he could only crawl into one of the back dens, ashamed and suffering, if possible to conceal his disgrace from the outer world of men and monkeys. J. F.

### FRIENDSHIP OF DOGS.

When living in Bucks, in the neighbourhood of Aylesbury, I had a little smooth-haired terrier (black and tan), who formed a close friendship with a larger dog—a kind of terrier—belonging to our friend and doctor. My dog had been often attacked and worried by a cur who lived near to us, and was once, in running away from his foe, much injured, by being trodden on by my horse, under whose feet he ran in his fright. He was laid up for a month, and could with difficulty walk to and from his bed. When he had sufficiently recovered from his injuries, he accompanied me and our friend's wife and dog for a walk, and when he reached the residence of his foe, my dog ran, with all the impudence he could command, into the garden, when his enemy soon flew out upon him. Meanwhile, the doctor's dog was lying in wait outside the garden hedge, and as soon as my dog appeared, hotly pursued by the enemy, our friend's dog instantly pounced upon the advancing foe, and gave him such a severe shaking that he never again ventured to molest my dog; and always, when he saw me, used to make a hasty retreat, not, however, without uttering a growl, to show that he had not forgotten the punishment which he had received. I may add that the friendship of our two dogs was continued through life, which, in my dog's case, was brought to a sudden and violent end, not more than a year after the above occurrence. J. C. W.

### RATS.

At one time our outhouses were literally infested with rats. Their impertinence knew no bounds. Their sitting and eating below our eyes were matters of every-day occurrence. At last we resolved to bear it no longer, and petty battles were continually

being carried on. Steel traps, of course, came into instant requisition, and we placed them so as effectually to hem the rats in on all sides. One evening a few crumbs of bread were scattered outside the traps, so as to tempt the besieged to issue from their iron lines of circumvallation. Creeping quietly along, I saw an old rat stretch itself over the trap and a younger one bound over its back and obtain the desired morsels.

I may relate another story to show what they will do when pressed by hunger. A friend of mine was pestered by a like plague, and seeing the mischief they wrought in his barns, stables, and houses, resolved to try the traps as we had done. One evening he saw a band of them inside the ring, evidently deliberating what to do. To stay in the hole was death, to go out was to meet a like fate. Finally, an old rat rushed on the trap, and by his death saved the others from starvation.

#### COCKFIGHTING.

The Rev. F. O. Morris, whose popular books on natural history are well known, has written to "Land and Water" a sensible and feeling letter in reference to the praises of cockfighting by Admiral Rous. Mr. Morris, himself the son of "an old salt," knows how to distinguish manly courage from the brutal ferocity inspired by cruel sports.

"Admiral Rous claims for cockfighting that it is an ancient and royal amusement. He might say the same of bear-baiting, which was patronised by Queen Elizabeth, but has long since been condemned by the good feeling of the country, and England is what she is without it under Queen Victoria. He might say the same of bull-baiting, which is still patronised by royalty in Spain — 'Ichabod,' the handwriting on the wall which is now written up against that country. If the setting of two cocks to fight together, armed unnaturally with steel spurs, be an ennobling pursuit, and the sight of it productive of courage, as mentioned by Admiral Rous, how much more so must have been the setting of two men to fight together to the death in a gladiatorial exhibition? how much more so even the last despairing struggle of a Christian martyr in the arena of the Roman Amphitheatre? I had to be well read in Grecian and Roman History when I went up to my class at Oxford, and I fear I have forgotten most of it now, but this one thing I remember, that it was only in the last and most degraded days of Rome, under Nero, Domitian, and Caligula, that those inhuman and unmanly pastimes were in the height of fashion, and that they are considered by historians to have been at one and the same time an evidence of the decay of the monarchy and the people, and to have tended to the destruction and ruin of both. Admiral Rous claims Henry VIII as a patron of his favourite sport. I incline to think that his memory, though immortal, is neither pious nor glorious. His bringing the wife of his bosom to the block on one day, and marrying another on the next, does not say much for the ennobling effects of cockfighting on his heart. It would be both interesting and instructive if Admiral Rous in his learned researches could give us any statistics to show how many of our soldiers who fought at Cressy, or at Agincourt, or Waterloo, or in the Crimea, or the Indian mutiny, had their courage inspired by their having addicted themselves to the 'delicious' pastime of cockfighting. I can never believe that they needed it. Nor will I believe that Admiral Rous himself, as a British admiral

(myself the son of one), ever needed the incentive of the cockpit (unless that of the ship) to make him what every British sailor is and must be. I remember in one of Miss Edgeworth's novels ('Manœuvring,' I think), in reply to some one who spoke in admiring terms of the bravery of the captain of one of his Majesty's ships, the old gentleman replied, 'That's a matter of course!'"

## Varieties.

ATTWOOD OF THE THOUSAND POUNDS CHEQUES.—Our correction of the newspaper obituary notices, supplied by a relation of Benjamin Attwood, requires further correction. He made no large fortune in the glass trade or in any other way, but inherited his money, late in life, from Mr. Wolverley Attwood. Thus he could not have assisted, and was not applied to on occasion of the stoppage of the Birmingham Bank, though he might well afterwards have done a little to alleviate the disasters of the poorer sufferers by that affair. In the disposition of his charities, his bankers gave no advice whatever. Several Swedenborgian correspondents claim him as an enlightened follower of their views. Except in regard to anonymous donations from his large store, there is nothing in his character to induce other sections of the Christian Church to dispute possession of him as a member.

EISTEDDFOD CHAIR PRIZE.—In the "Carnarvon Herald" the following account was given of the great event of chairing the prize bard at the last Eisteddfod at Pwllheli. "Now came the event in which the interest, not only of the day, but of the Eisteddfod, and, indeed, of the year, in the Welsh literary world, was centred—the reading of the adjudication on the chair prize, the winning of which is generally admitted to be a Welsh poet's ambition. It was a prize of £30 and an ornamental oak chair for the best ode (awdl) on 'Prydferthwch' (Beauty), the poem not to exceed 800 lines. This is a poem to be composed on the twenty-four metres of Welsh poetry. The adjudicators were the Rev. D. Howells (Llawdden), vicar of Wrexham; the Rev. R. Parry (Gwalehmai), Llandudno; and the Rev. W. Thomas (Isiwyn), Mynydd Islwyn, South Wales. The adjudication was read by Gwalehmai. The subject for competition had drawn out as many as fourteen competitors, an unusually large number for the chair prize. The audience evinced the greatest interest in the event; the large assembly holding their breath from the moment the platform was cleared for the ancient rite. Clwydfardd, as chief guardian of the Gorsedd, called first Hwfa Mon, Gwalehmai, and Druiŷyn. The following bards were then called: Gethin Jones, Tudur, Ceiriog Hughes, Taliesin o Eifion, Alltud Eifion, Iolo Trefaldwyn, Caerowwy, Hywel Tudur, Islwyn, Gurnos Jones, Tegerin, Llew Llwyfo, Cynhaiarn, and Thesbiad. The bards then formed into a half-circle behind the chair. Gwalehmai said that all the competitions were highly commendable, and that fourteen odes had been received. It proved that there was no chance of it ever being disestablished, and that the 'prydest' could not take its place. All the poems showed much talent. After commenting on the odes received, he came to the one signed 'Ithel,' than which, he said, a poem had never been surpassed in Welsh poetry. 'Ithel' turned out to be Mr. T. Tudno Jones, a native of Llandudno, now residing at Bangor. Hwfa Mon and Gwalehmai met the bard, the former carrying a sword and the latter a mace. The successful bard was then conducted, at the sound of trumpet, to the chair of Gwynedd, Mon, and Manaw, when he was invested by Mrs. Picton Jones. Poetical congratulations were then delivered by Gwalehmai, Hwfa Mon, Alltud Eifion, Bodran, Tudur, Taliesin o Eifion, Ceiriog, Tegerin, Gethin Jones, Iolo Trefaldwyn, Dewi Glan Dulas, Cynro Gwyllt, Druiŷyn, and the guardian of the Gorsedd. The sword of justice was then unsheathed, with the question, 'A oes lleddwch?' To which was answered, 'Heddwch,' when the sword was again sheathed. The Arch-druid, Clwydfardd, having delivered the charge, Mr. Tudno Jones was then proclaimed the 'Chair bard of Gwynedd, Mon, and Manaw,' and installed according to the ancient rites of the bards of Great Britain. Over the centre of the chair was carved the Prince of Wales' feathers, under which were the words 'Eisteddfod Pwllheli.'"

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